F
E 420
.C18
Copy 2

Class E420
Book .C18
Copy2

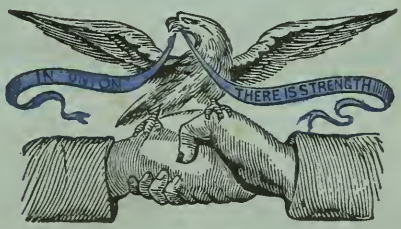
Price 12½ Cents.

CAMPAIGN OF 1848.

FREE SOIL

SONGS

FOR THE PEOPLE.



"Cheer up, cheer up, Free Soilers, all,
The time has come for action;
For Freedom's cause we must contend,
In spite of party faction."

BOSTON:
FOR SALE BY BELA MARSH,
No. 25 Cornhill.
WRIGHT'S STEAM PRESS, 3 WATER ST.

One Dollar per Dozen.

Copy 3

E 128
.C18
Copy 2.

160532 19

1

646
116

GEOG. MAG. 1849.

FREE SOIL SONGS

FOR

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1848.

No. 1. CONSCIENCE AND FREE SOIL.

TUNE—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

I am a Free Soil Conscience Man,
Then urge me not to pause,
For joyfully do I enlist
In this our sacred cause;
A nobler deed the world ne'er saw,
The oppressed to disenthral:
I am a soldier for the war,
Whatever may befall.

I am a Free Soil Conscience Man;
No threats shall awe my soul;
No perils cause me to desist,
No bribes my acts control;
A freeman will I live and die,
In sunshine and in shade,
And raise my voice for liberty,
Of nought on earth afraid.

No. 2. THE NEW PARTY.

AIR—*Dan Tucker.*

Come all ye who're fond of singing,
Let us set a song a-ringing,
Sound the chorus loud and hearty,
And we'll make a Free Soil Party.
Get out o' the way, Cass and Taylor,
You can't come to the White House ever.

Some want Cass and some want Taylor,
But we say we wont have either;
We've a man that's far above them,
He's the man that's pledged for Freedom.
Get out, &c.

What has Zachary Taylor done,
That he should to the White House come?
He's good for fighting, we'll allow,
But we don't want him "anyhow."
Get out, &c.

The institutions of the South
Must be supported by the North;
If the North like it, very well,
But if they don't, why "just as well."
Get out, &c.

And now it is proposed, you know,
To make Slave States in Mexico,
And General Taylor's just the man
To carry out that Southern plan.
Get out, &c.

And then there's Lewis Cass, they say,
Is with every one, in every way;
He's what the people of this place
Denominate a great doughface.
Get out, &c.

But wanting though he may, decision,
He's ever true to his ambition;
While yielding to the people's wishes,
His eye is on the loaves and fishes.
Get out, &c.

If they want Slave territory,
General Cass will tell the story,
And if we want to have it free,
"Oh yes," says Cass, "if you'll vote for me."
Get out, &c.

Now for the Buffalo nomination,
Made by men of every station,
They're the men to go before us,
And they'll always shout the chorus,
Get out o' the way, with your Slavery,
Get out o' the way, with your Slavery,
Get out o' the way, Cass and Taylor,
You can't come to the White House ever.

Come, then, friends of Freedom, waken,
Don't you see the nation's shaken;
On—with Freedom's banner o'er you,
Victory is sure before you.
Get out o' the way, Cass and Taylor,
Out o' the way, Cass and Taylor,
Out o' the way, Cass and Taylor,
You can't come to the White House ever.

No. 3. FREE SOIL MEETING.

AIR—"*We're a Band of Brothers.*"

We have come to our meeting,
Each other kindly greeting,
Resolved to have no cheating,
In the Free Soil debate
Chorus—Then hurrah for freedom,
Hurrah for freedom,
Hurrah for freedom,
In the old Bay State.

O the mischief is a brewing,
For Cass and Taylor's ruin,
For the folks are up and doing,
In the Free Soil debate.
Then hurrah, &c.

Our stand for Van we've taken,
And with firmness unshaken,
The Nation we'll awaken,
In the Free Soil debate.
Then hurrah, &c.

In spite of all those graces,
The Hunkers make wry faces,
When they see us take our places
In the Free Soil debate.
Then hurrah, &c.

O, the Slaveocrats are quaking,
At the move we are making,
They make a dreadful shaking,
At the Free Soil debate.
Then hurrah, &c.

By the men whom they have cheated,
They are sure to be defeated,
Measure for measure meted,
In the Free Soil debate.
Then hurrah, &c.

We'll have in our delegation,
Honest men of every station,
Who are resolved to save the nation,
In the Congress debate.
Then hurrah, &c.

For our faith we have plighted,
That doughfaces shall be righted,
And we'll all be united,
In the National debate.
Then hurrah, &c.

Now to the ratification
Of the Buffalo nomination,
We give our approbation,
In the old Bay State.
Then hurrah, &c.

Without any hesitation,
By a shout of acclamation,
We hail the nomination,
In the Free Soil debate.
Then hurrah, &c.

The tie we here shall sever,
Unite with Slavery never,
Free Soil, Free Soil, forever,
In all the New States.
Then hurrah, &c.

No. 4. SPIRIT OF FREEMEN.

TUNE—*America.*

Spirit of freemen, wake!
No truce with Slavery make,
Thy deadly foe,
In fair disguises dressed,
Too long hast thou caressed
The serpent in thy breast;
Now lay him low.

Sons of the free! we call
On you, in field and hall,
To rise as one;
Your heaven-born rights maintain,
Nor let oppression's chain
Extend o'er our domain,
Speak, and 'tis done!

No. 5. SPEAK OUT!

TUNE—"*Bonny Boat.*"

We *will* speak out—we *will* be heard,
Though all earth's systems crack;
We will not spare a single word,
Nor take a letter back.
Let liars fear, let cowards shrink,
Let traitors turn away;
Whatever we have dared to think,
That dare we also say.

Whate'er we deem the prop of Wrong,
Time-honored though it be,
We break—nor fear the heavens will fall,
Because the earth is free.
The only chain we dare not break,
Is our own plighted word,
To plead for our dear brother's sake,
And perish or be heard.

No. 6. OLD BUFFALO.

AIR—*Second Advent.*

Oh! what a mighty gathering,
In old Buffalo,
Of the friends of freedom,
And the tillers of free soil.
Shout! ye people, all together,
In old Buffalo;
We're the friends of freedom,
And will sound it through the land.

We'll not vote for Cass or Taylor,
In the old Free States;
We're the sons of freemen,
And our motto is Free Soil.

Oh! the South begin to tremble—
The old Slave States;
For the friends of Freedom
Are gathering in the North.

They will shake like old Belshazzar,
In the old Slave States;
For their days are numbered,
And 'tis written on the wall,
Heaven bless the brave Barnburners
Of the old Empire State,
For their fires of Freedom
Are lighting up the land.

Oh, we pity the Old Hunkers,
Yes, we pity the Old Hunkers,
Poor broken-hearted Hunkers,
Of the old Empire State.
They are going up Salt River,
And they never will return.
And we bless the glorious Buckeyes
Of old Ohio.
Victory is certain,
For the prairies are on fire.

And the old Whig party's rotten,
Yes, the old Whig party's rotten,
All that's left is damaged cotton,
In the old Free States.
But the fires are burning,
Freedom's fires are burning,
Freedom's fires are burning,
And will soon clear up Free Soil.

Now three cheers all together,
Shout ye people loud and ever,
Freemen's hearts cannot sever
In the old Free States.
Like our sires before us,
Let us swell the chorus,
Till the heavens o'er us
Shall rebound the loud huzza

No. 7. FREE SOIL SONG.

AIR—"*Scots wa hae.*"

Lo, we meet, a happy band,
Friends of Freedom through the land,
On this platform we will stand,
Shouting Liberty!

Men who long have disagreed,
Now profess the Free Soil creed,
And are one in heart and deed,
And together toil.

Sturdy Democrats and Whigs,
Leave their Cushings and their Briggs,
Casses, Taylors, Butlers, Twiggs,
And hurrah, "Free Soil."

Well they knew that all was lost,
If they failed to join the host,
Who stood firmly at their post,
With their Captain Hale:

With one heart this trio now,
Register in Heaven a vow,
"We to slavery ne'er will bow,
Nor for Freedom fail!"

Freedom's banner now we bring,
To the breeze its folds we fling,
And we pledge that Slavery's king
At our feet shall fall;

Rally, then, with song and shout,
Force his camp and drive him out;
And complete shall be the rout
Of our foemen all.

Grant us aid, Almighty God!
Aid to break the tyrant's rod,
Aid to free Columbia's sod
From its whips and chains.

Aid to raise the wretched slave,
From his loathsome, living grave,
Aid our brother man to save,
From his wrongs and pains.

Who can be so base a man,
As to scorn this holy plan,
And not vote for Martin Van,
In this time of need?

Who so vile as not to go
For the creed of Buffalo,
When his country bids him so,
To be free indeed?

Rally, then, ye Freemen all,
At your country's loudest call,
Fight her battles well this Fall,
On, ye true and brave!

Van and Adams—Phillips, Mills,
Shall be echoed from our hills,
Shall be chosen at our wills,
And shall free the slave.

No. 8. OLD ZACK.

Air—"*Out John.*"

Out Zach! out Zach! what are you about Zach?
If you don't come out at once you'll make the people doubt Zach;
Say at least that had you been, at home on 'lection day, Zach,
You would have given, if at the polls, a vote for Henry Clay, Zach;
Say it quick, then *mum's* the word, until November next, Zach,
You've friends enough who'll swear 'tis true, for sorely they're perplexed, Zach.
Chorus—Out Zach! &c.

Run Zach! run Zach! there's another dun, Zach,
The Whig Convention now demand that you submit to them, Zach;
Silly fools to ask a pledge to whigg'ry, *you* should yield, Zach,
They should have known *you're* not the man who e'er gives up the field, Zach,
Tell them not that you're a Whig, for it might spoil the joke, Zach;
You've friends enough who'll swear you are, tho' on their words they choke, Zach.
CHORUS—Out Zach! &c.

Quick Zach! quick Zach! we are all getting sick, Zach,
Like Jamestown burs, "Proviso" pills, about our stomach's stick, Zach,
The "Tariff" too, and "Veto" drops our blood has badly churned, Zach.
"Western Waters" and "One Term," like tartar plasters burn, Zach,
O speak the word and give relief, for we are getting weak, Zach,
Nor longer sit like Balaam dumb, while *Donkies* for you speak, Zach.
CHORUS—Out Zach, &c.

Hie Zach! fly Zach! now we'll tell you why, Zach,
Freedom's hounds are on your trail and soon they'll make you cry, Zach,
They'll admit of no escape, your every move will see, Zach,
Peeping into corners hardly fit to hold a flea, Zach;
Little hope is left you now—*one* chance we only trow, Zach,
Up "Salt River" you can run, for there they never go, Zach.
CHORUS—Out Zach! &c.

No. 9. WE'RE AFLOAT.

AIR—"*I'm afloat.*"

We're afloat! we're afloat! on a fierce rolling tide,
Free Soil is our bark and the Truth is our guide,
No rest for the sluggard, no peace for the foe,
But thro' all opposition, right onward we go!

The storm gathers round us, the thunder is heard,
What matter, our bark presseth on like a bird;
With the flag of the Union above our free men,
She has braved it before and will brave it again!

Far above the dark storm-cloud the clear sunbeams rest,
And the bright bow of promise gleams forth on its breast,
Before us a Future of Labor and Love—
Free brethren around us—a just God above!

A Future of labor, brave, honest and free—
No monarch, no slaves, but a brotherhood we—
A future of love, when the just and the true
Shall rule in the place of the strong and the few!

Throw out the broad canvass to catch the free wind—
Leave old party issues, like rubbish, behind—
With Van Buren and Adams to lead on our van,
Live and die we for Freedom, for Truth, and for Man!

No. 10. RIGHT AND LIBERTY.

AIR—"*Scots wha hae.*"

Sons whose sires for freedom bled,
Whom Washington to victory led,
Aid the work your fathers sped—
Right and liberty!

Millions feel the galling chain;
Save them in their grief and pain:
Wipe away fair Freedom's stain,
Right and Liberty!

'Tis the day and this the hour
Freemen, to put forth our power:
Free Soil be our children's dower,
Right and Liberty!

Never yet have Right and Wrong
Met in conflict dire and strong,
But with downfall of the wrong,
Right and Liberty!

No. 11. OH, BRIGHT IS THE DAYBREAK.

AIR—"*Rory O'More.*"

Oh, bright is the daybreak, and thrilling the sight
Of America's rally for Freedom and Right;
Her sons and her daughters she calls from afar
To hail the bright advent of Liberty's star!

Old Maine standeth firm with breast to the floods,
Her son's hearts as high as their tall pine woods;
And "shoulder to shoulder," New Hampshire is there
With lots of HALE freemen, enough and to spare!

Vermont! who shall count all her green mountain boys,
When Liberty raiseth her clarion voice?
Massachusetts, God bless her, when freedom's at stake,
Every soul of her children is up and awake!

Rhode Island is little, but "goeth it strong,"
And Connecticut too, who don't *calculate* wrong;
New York, no mistake, she will take up the *Van*—
When New Jersey arises, beat her if you can!

Pennsylvania is ready—the old State of Penn—
How can she do oth r than succor free men?
And Delaware too, with old Maryland yet,
For free soil and freedom will precedent set.

And many and strong hearts Kentucky will yield,
With sons of Virginia, in Truth's battle field—
And all the North West, born A. D. '87,
'Twill be hard for the best to keep up with her even!

Illinois, Indiana, Iowa and all,
With Ohio for freedom will stand or will fall;
And soon through the length and the breadth of our land
Not a heart shall be cold—not a recreant hand!

No. 12. FREE SOIL CHORUS.

AIR—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

All hail, ye friends of liberty,
Ye honest sons of toil,
Come let us raise a shout to-day,
For freedom and free soil.
CHORUS—For freedom and free soil, my boys,
For freedom and free soil,
Ring out the shout to all about,
For freedom and free soil.

We wage no bloody warfare here,
But gladly would we toil,
To show the South the matchless worth,
Of freedom and free soil.
For freedom, &c.

Nor care we ought for party names,
We ask not for the spoils,
But what we'll have is liberty,
For freemen and free soil.
For freedom, &c.

Too long we've dwelt in party strife,
'Tis time to pour in oil,
So here's a dose for Uncle Sam,
Of freedom and free soil.
For freedom, &c.

Our southern neighbors feel our power,
And gladly would recoil,
But 'tis "too late," the cry's gone forth,
For freemen and free soil.
For freemen, &c.

Then let the opponents do their best,
Our spirits to embroil,
No feuds shall ere divide our ranks,
Till victory crown free soil.
For freemen, &c.

They've called us *Sisslers* long enough,
We now begin to *boil*,
And ere November shall come round,
We'll *cook them up* free soil,
For freemen, &c.

Then let us sing *God bless the free*,
The noble sons of toil,
And let the shout ring all about,
Of freedom and free soil.
For freedom, &c.

No. **13.** FAIR PROSPECT.

AIR—"*The Morning Light is Breaking.*"

See! see! the day is dawning,
Bright, cloudless and serene;
A brighter, fairer morning
Than mortals yet have seen;
A day of moral glory,
A day without a storm,
When all shall tell the story
Of Freedom and Reform.

When av'rice and oppression
Shall stay their grasping hand,
And war-like desolation
Shall mar no more the land;
When tales of good defeated,
The triumphing of crime,
Shall only be repeated
As scenes of olden time.

Ye Free Soil men of power!
Press onward to the fight;
Say, shall your spirits cower,
When pleading for the right?
Be firm and valiant-hearted,
Like warriors true and brave,
And strive with zeal undaunted,
Your liberties to save.

All hail! auspicious morning,
Thrice welcome happy day,
Thy light from heaven adorning
Shall bear resistless sway;
Shine on throughout our nation,
Till all thy brightness see,
And men with glad oblation,
Proclaim "THE LAND IS FREE!"

No. **14.** RETURNED VOLUNTEER.

AIR—"*Yankee Doodle.*"

My father was a farmer good,
With corn and beef in plenty;
I mowed, and hoed, and held the plow,
And longed for one-and-twenty.
For I had quite a martial turn,
And scorned the lowing cattle;
I burned to wear a uniform,
Hear drums, and see a battle.

My birthday came; my father urged,
But stoutly I resisted,
My sister wept, my mother prayed,
But off I went and listed.
They marched me on through wet and dry,
To tunes more loud than charming,
But lugging knapsack, box, and gun,
Was harder work than farming.

We met the foe—the cannons roared,
The crimson tide was flowing,
The frightful death-groans filled my ears,
I wished that I was mowing.
I lost my leg—the foe came on,
They had me in their clutches;
I starved in prison till the peace,
Then hobbled home on crutches.

So now for Free Soil I will go,
And righteous legislation;
Until our liberties are safe,
Throughout this blessed nation.
I guess I've trained quite long enough
In Gen'ral Taylor's army,
I'll quit the whole old blackguard crew,
Before they all get balmy.

No. **15.** SONG OF LABOR.

AIR—*Canaan.*

All honor to the hard-worn hands
That earth-born toil are bearing,
And honor to the sturdy bands
That earth's cold crusts are sharing:
By forge and field their arms they wield,
By bench and anvil toiling,
In serried strength, our country's shield,
They keep her flag from soiling.

Wake—wake the lay, each child of song,
Your anthem'd pæans pouring,
Till echoes wake and run along,
Like ocean thunders roaring!
Till o'er our soil each son of toil
Shall list your loud hosanna,
And hero-like bid pride recoil,
And feast on reason's manna.

The good cordwainer sits him down
Upon his throne of leather,
And covets not the tyrant's crown
Where clustered jewels gather:
High prizes he the soul that's free,
The mind by power unbroken,
To him loud mirth and jocund glee,
Are Freedom's language spoken.

Then honor to the lusty hands
That earth-born toil are bearing,
And honor to the sturdy bands
That earth's cold crusts are sharing:
By forge and field their arms they wield,
By bench and anvil toiling,
In serried strength, our country's shield,
They keep her flag from soiling.

No. 16. HURRAH FOR FREE SOIL.

AIR—*Away, away the Bowl.*

'Tis a glorious year in which we live,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
And now three hearty cheers we'll give,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
From all the honest sons of toil,
Comes up the shout—"free soil! free soil!"
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

The old free States are all on fire,
Hurrah, &c.
And the "Star of the North" is rising higher—
Hurrah, &c.
A nation in a day was born
When the shout went forth from the "Buffalo horn!"
Hurrah, &c.

The North is ripe for the Proviso,
Hurrah, &c.
She'll back the names from Buffalo,
Hurrah, &c.
Whigs, Democrats, we'll all unite,
And Liberty boys—for our cause is right—
Hurrah, &c.

The sight has gone of General Cass,
Hurrah, &c.
He's lost the C, and must go to grass—
Hurrah, &c.
And on the seventh of next November
Old General Taylor must surrender—
Hurrah, &c.

Poor General Cass! We wish him well,
Hurrah, &c.
But we'll tell him plain, his head won't sell,
Hurrah, &c.
And if General Taylor's batch seemed better,
He has soured the Whigs by his Charleston letter,
Hurrah, &c.

God bless New Hampshire's noble Hale—
Hurrah, &c.
The nation's felt the northern gale,
Hurrah, &c.
We're bound to triumph, sure as fate,
If the boys come on from the old Bay State,
Hurrah, &c.

No. 17. SYMPATHY SONG.

AIR—*Lucy Neal.*

The White House, Cass, you'll never see,
Save in some fitful dream,
And next November you will be
On cold Salt River's stream.
On cold Salt River's banks you see,
They'll turn you out to grass,
A few short weeks and then 'twill be,
Good-bye to General Cass.

Chorus—O, poor General Cass,
Good-bye to General Cass,
A few short weeks and then 'twill be,
Good-bye to General Cass.

The Wolverines are jolly boys,
And sometimes like a joke,
But then, that awful Cleaveland noise,
Their love for you quite broke.
A favorite once you were with them,
But now you've sadly changed,
You've turned so many somersets,
They think you're quite deranged.
O, poor General Cass, &c.

And you, too, better silent keep,
Old Rough and Ready Zack,
The Philadelphia Slaughter House
Has laid you on your back.
We've tried quite hard to swallow you,
Since first you came to town,
But slaves are not the proper grease,
To slide you easy down.

O, poor General Zack,
Good-bye to General Zack,
A few short weeks and then 'twill be,
Good-bye to General Zack.

O, Zack, our Matty in this race
Will leave you back so far,
We'll have to send your blood-hounds out,
To find out where you are.
But then we'll treat you fairly, Zack,
The blood-hounds all are true,
We'll only let them "find you out,"
They shall not "worry" you.
O, poor General Zack, &c.

No. 18. A SONG FOR THE CRISIS.

AIR—"*I see them on their winding way.*"

Ho, freemen of my native land,
From Rocky Mountain to the strand
Where blue Atlantic dashes o'er
New England's consecrated shore,
Lo, *Liberty*, in robes of light,
Descends in glory on the night!
And bright the daybreak from afar
Shines on her brow—the morning star!
Then peal the signal to the skies,
Bid slumbering citizens arise,
And hail with joy the rising day,
While clouds and darkness melt away!

Ho, statesman with the thoughtful brow,
Cast party issues from thee now,
Awake thy voice to nobler themes,
A dawning glory round thee streams!
Let fervid tongues, and pen of fire,
Enkindle slavery's funeral pyre!
Light freedom's torches at the blaze,
And flash to Heaven their signal rays!
Warn trembling tyrants with thy voice,
Bid Earth's downtrodden ones rejoice;
Say to the noble and the true,
What glorious work there is to do!

Ho, merchant in the crowded mart—
Ho, farmer with the sunshine swart—
Mechanic busy with the plane,
Or mid the forge's fiery rain,
A moment from your toil forbear—
A mighty sound is on the air!
A great deed stirreth in its sleep—
At one bold shout, to life 'twill leap!
Then one deep draught of Freedom's air,
One firm resolve to do and dare,
One long, loud peal unto the skies,
And slumbering millions will arise!

Then prate no more of tariffs high,
Of banks or specie currency,
While crimes that cloud the noonday sun
Are daily in our nation done!
Shall we in base inaction sleep,
While Slavery's minions vigil keep?
And must we worship at the shrine,
Or drink with them its gory wine?
No! let us to the world proclaim,
That their's alone the guilt and shame—
That, whatsoe'er the *South* may be,
The *North* shall hence be *ever free!*

No. 19. MARTIN VAN OF KINDERHOOK.

AIR—"*Dandy Jim of Caroline.*"

Come, ye hardy sons of toil,
And cast your ballots for Free Soil;
He who'd vote for Zacky Taylor,
Needs a keeper or a jailor.
And he who still for Cass can be,
He is a Cass without the C;
The man on whom we love to look,
Is Martin Van of Kinderhook.
Martin Van's the one we'll go,
He is the man for the people O,
I look around and find it so,
Just as they said at Buffalo.

When the Whigs they preach and pray,
For the old man of Monterey,
I shake my head as up I figures
The price of his two hundred niggers;
When the Hunkers say the man
Is Lewis Cass of Michigan,
Amid the talk of all their lawyers,
I think of sand-banks, snags and sawyers.
Martin Van, &c.

Lewis Cass he wrote a book,
Praising kings on his own hook,
And said 'twas vulgar, mean and "sarcy,"
In folks to write home "wicy warcy."
O Lewis gave an awful groan,
When Philip tumbled from his throne;
Thought he—is here a warning meant,
That I can ne'er be President?
Martin Van, &c.

How the Hunker placemen pale,
As our shouts come on the gale;
How they tremble with dismay,
Looking on our proud array.
Taylor he must take his station,
'Mong the slaves on his plantation,
While the toast around we pass,
"A long good night" to Lewis Cass.
Martin Van, &c.

No. 20. FREEDOM'S REIGN.

AIR—*Marlow.*

Oh, who shall see that joyful day,
When high on glory's throne,
Freedom shall rule, with sovereign sway,
And call the world her own.

When man no more shall dread the frown,
That gloomed the tyrant's brow,
And sorrow's cheerless night has flown,
To climes unpeopled now.

See, see, already 'tis begun;
Or is it but a dream?
The nations hail the rising sun,
And catch the thrilling beam.

God speed, God speed the heaven-born cause,
O'er every land and sea,
Till all the world, with loud applause,
Proclaims that *Man is free!*

No. 21. DEMAND FOR PERSEVERANCE.

AIR—*Greenville.*

Laborers, to the great cause plighted!
Firm of limb and firm of soul!
Shall it e'er be said, united
We were forced to brook control?
What though broad petitions moulder,
In our Legislative Hall?
Let not hearts, or hopes grow colder,
Perseverance conquers all.

Trust ye not, O! trust ye never,
In the hearts, by gold enshrined;
Lift your own strong arm and sever
Galling chains ye would unbind.
Days and months may not restore us
Back the rights we boldly ask;
Yet while yon blue heaven is o'er us,
Shall we falter in our task?

What though strong hands droop around us—
Hearts of iron feel dismay?
Yet while misery's cry surrounds us,
Let that urge us on our way.
Rude winds, so the poets tell us,
Firmer root the forest oak;
Then let adverse waves impel us
Onward in our glorious work.

No. 22. YANKEE'S SONG.

TUNE—*Yankee Doodle.*

Ye voters of the old Bay State,
We wish you to give ear,
For at the ballot boxes soon
We want you to appear,
To throw your votes for Martin Van
For President, you know, sir,—
To beat the Hunkers he's the man,
And disappoint the foe, sir.

Chorus—Cheer up, cheer up, Free Soilers, then,
The time has come for action;
For Freedom's cause we must contend,
In spite of party faction.

And Adams, son of Liberty,
Is worthy of election;
With those who hold to Slavery,
He will not have connection.
Ten men to send to Washington,
We mean to have elected,
In whom a Southern principle
Has never been detected.
Cheer up, &c.

The names of *Phillips* and *John Mills*,
Will call out all our number;
For now they're sounding o'er our hills,
And echo loud as thunder.
So well they're known throughout the State,
From Berkshire to Cape Cod, sir,
In praise of two such candidates
We need not say a word, sir.
Cheer up, &c.

Judge Allen for a Congressman
Is now to be elected;
Old Number Five, as honest men,
Will have their rights protected.

Press onward, then, and fall not back;
Free Soilers, keep your places—
"The engine's coming—clear the track"—
"Get out the way," "dough-faces."
Cheer up, &c.

We've nought to fear from Cassocrats,
By hundreds they are turning,
The rest may squeal like singed rats,
While the "old barn" is burning.
They crow so loud for *Cushion*, too,
And cheer and hiss so hearty,
They mean to keep him pushing through,
Until they kill the party.
Cheer up, &c.

Our Webster's styled a Taylor man,
Now this I hold but humming,
For to bring up the army's Van,
Great Daniel's surely coming.
Our platform holds a mighty crowd,
But numbers make it stronger,
And Freedom's shout now rings so loud,
He can't hold out much longer.
Cheer up, &c.

Come, all ye sturdy yeomanry,
To th' wheels now place your shoulders,
For Freedom's car must travel on,
In spite of all slave-holders.
Come ye who plough old ocean's wave,
Join in this revolution;
Man every pump the ship to save,
The old ship Constitution.
Cheer up, &c.

Be not deceived by Taylor Whigs—
Like pirates and invaders,
False flags they hoist upon their Briggs
To capture honest traders.
And fear not for that Western man,
So hard for office trying,
But rally round our Martin Van,
And keep your colors flying.
Cheer up, &c.

No. **23.** LAND AND WATER FREE.

AIR—*Dandy Jim of Caroline.*

I've oft times heard it said of late,
That tyranny will be the state
In which our country soon will be,
If all new States are not made free.

CHORUS—But the Reformers tell us, O!
That Monopoly will never do,
That to secure our liberty,
New territory must be free.

Our country is in deep distress,
For tyrants have the poor opprest,
Their rights to land they have denied,
For which our fathers bled and died.
But the Reformers tell us, O! &c.

Our boasted land of liberty
Is fast approaching tyranny,
And desolation doth await
Quite ready now to seal its fate.
For the Reformers tell us, O! &c.

O! Freedom's sons, why not awake,
Your liberties are all at stake,
Arise and let those tyrants know,
That monopoly will never do.
For the Reformers tell us, O! &c.

We've long been bound in slavish bands,
By the robbers of our lands,
And the laws have made them fast,
Which by tyrants have been past.
But the Reformers tell us, O! &c.

The laboring class has been despised,
And their value not appraised,
By the gambling, loafing throng,
Who have been ruling us so long.
But the Reformers tell us, O! &c.

Come all of you who wish for homes,
Help us scout those lazy drones,
Who will not labor for their bread,
But curse the hand by which they're fed,
But the Reformers tell us, O! &c.

Now if you have a right to land,
Come on and join our free soil band,
And rise against those landish knaves,
Who would have you bound as slaves.
For the Reformers tell us, O! &c.

We are Reformers brave and true,
And know monopoly won't do,
And will not vote for any man,
Who will not stop it if he can.
Chorus—This is the truth we've told you, O!
Monopoly will never do,
For to secure our liberty
The land and water must be free.

No. 24. THE TRUMPET OF FREEDOM.

Air—*Rosin the bow.*

Hark! hark! to the Trumpet of Freedom!
Her rallying signal she blows:
Come gather around her broad banner,
And battle 'gainst Liberty's foes,
And battle 'gainst Liberty's foes,
And battle 'gainst Liberty's foes,
Come gather around her broad banner
And battle 'gainst Liberty's foes.

Our forefathers plighted their honor,
Their lives and their property too,
To maintain in defiance of Britain
Their principles, righteous and true.
Their principles, righteous and true, &c.

Hurrah! for the old fashioned doctrine
That men are created all free,
We ever will boldly maintain it,
Nor care who the tyrant may be;
Nor care who the tyrant may be, &c.

We're foes unto wrong and oppression,
No matter which side of the sea;
And ever intend to oppose them,
'Till all of God's image are free!
'Till all of God's image are free, &c.

We're proud of the *name* of a freeman,
And proud of the CHARACTER too:
And we scorn to do any action,
Save such as a freeman may do;
Save such as a freeman may do, &c.

So hurrah! for the old fashioned doctrine,
That men are created ALL FREE!
And down with the power of the tyrant,
Whoever that tyrant may be;
Whoever that tyrant may be, &c.

No. **25.** LAW AND LIBERTY.

AIR—*Scots wha hae.*

Now's the day and now's the hour!
Freedom is our nation's dower,
Put we forth a nation's power
Struggling to be free!
Raise your front the foe to daunt!
Bide no more the sneer, the taunt!
Peal to highest heaven the chant,
"Law and Liberty."

Gather like the muttering storm!
Wake your thunders for reform!
Bear not, like the trodden worm,
Scorn and mockery!
Waking from their guilty trance,
Shrink the foes as storms advance
Scathed beneath a nation's glance,
Where's their bravery?

Waves on waves compose the main,
Mountains rise by grain on grain,
Men an empire's might sustain
Knit in unity!
Who shall check the ocean tide?
Who o'erthrow the mountain's pride?
Who a nation's strength deride,
Spurning slavery?

Hearts in mutual faith secure,
Hands from spoil and treachery pure,
Tongues that meaner oaths abjure,
These shall make us free!
Bend the knee, and bare the brow!
God, our guide, will hear us now!
Peal to highest heaven the vow,
"Law and Liberty."

No. **26.** AROUSE, NEW ENGLAND'S SONS.

AIR—*A wet sheet and a flowing sea.*

Arouse, New-England's sons, arouse!
Wake from your coward sleep,
The tyrant's hand is on your neck,—
And shall his fetters keep,
In bondage, men whom freedom nursed
In her own chosen home?
Where patriot's blood was freely poured
In holy martyrdom?

Arouse, New England's sons, arouse!
And lay oppression low,
And strike for freedom and for God,
An earnest manly blow.
Nail up your banner to the wall,
In God's name let it wave,
Until beneath its ample folds
Shall crouch no wretched slave.

No. 27. THE WORLD AWAKING.

AIR—*A. S. Melodies.*

Oh the world from its trance is awaking,
With the spring of regenerate youth,
And the error-freed people are slaking
Their thirst at the fountain of truth.
Oh! the canker-worm, custom, was eating
Its way through the vein of the age,
Till man like the wild-bird seemed beating
His breast on the bars of the cage.

Hark! a voice to the nations hath spoken,
In tones that have startled the world,
Let the dark chain of error be broken,
Let Liberty's flag be unfurled,
For time and progressive opinion,
Shall conquer where cohorts shall fail,
And freedom assert her dominion;
Hail Freedom, hail Freedom, all hail.

No. 28. THE DAY IS DAWNING.

AIR—*Pilot on the deep.*

Oppression shall not always reign;
There comes a brighter day,
When Freedom, burst from every chain,
Shall have triumphant way.

Then Right shall over Might prevail,
And truth like hero armed in mail,
The hosts of tyrant wrong assail,
And hold eternal sway.

E'en now that glorious day draws near,
Its coming is not far;
In Earth and Heaven its signs appear,
We see its morning star;
Its dawn has flushed the Eastern sky,
The Western hills reflect it high,
The Southern clouds before it fly,
Hurra, hurra, hurra!

What voice shall bid the progress stay
Of truth's victorious car?
What arm arrest the growing day,
Or quench the solar star?
What dastard soul, though stout and strong,
Shall dare bring back the ancient wrong,
Or Slavery's guilty night prolong,
And Freedom's morning bar?

The hour of triumph comes apace,
The fated, promised hour,
When earth upon a ransomed race,
Her bounteous gifts shall shower.
Ring, Liberty, thy glorious bell!
Bid high thy sacred Banner swell!
Let trump on trump the triumph tell
Of Heaven's avenging power!

The Day has come! the Hour draws nigh!
We hear the coming car!
Send forth the glad exulting cry!
Hurra, hurra, hurra!
From every hill, by every sea,
In shouts proclaim the Great Decree,
"All chains are broke, all men are free!"
Hurra, hurra, hurra!

No. 29. THE BUFFALO CONVENTION.

AIR—*Sweet Afton.*

They come from the mountain, they come from the glen,
Their motto, "*free labor, free soil, and free men,*"
They sweep to the rally like clouds to the storm,
From hill-top and valley they gather and form.

They cry, "to the rescue!" their march is begun,
Their number is legion, their hearts are but one,
Their cause is their COUNTRY, they war for the RIGHT,
And the minions of slavery turn pale at the sight.

At the voice of Jehovah the ocean was stayed,
Its billows rolled back and the mandate obeyed;
Thus the tyrant is checked—he beholds with surprise,
The Slave power recoil when stern freemen arise.

They speak, and that voice shall awaken mankind
From the sleep that has rested so long on the mind;
"No party shall bind us, we are free from this hour—
We bow not in meekness to slaveholding power."

Thou monster oppression! shrink back to thy den,
For the shackles have burst from the spirits of men,
They spread their broad pinions, all proudly they soar,
Thy efforts are vain—thou canst bind them no more.

Where slavery now rears its broad front to the day,
Let them hug the foul fiend to their hearts as they may,
But there they must stop—for we sternly proclaim,
No slave shall pollute our free soil with his chain.

No. 30. A SONG FOR THE TIMES.

AIR—*Portuguese Hymn.*

The voice of fair freedom is heard in our land,
It calls upon freemen to manfully stand;
Behold the proud foe—his banners unfurled,
Its motto, "OPPRESSION,"—proclaims to the world.

See millions degraded, in strong fetters bound,
Exposed to oppression on Columbia's ground;
While tyrants in splendor and pomp are arrayed,
Three millions are lingering in mis'ry, dismayed.

We talk of our freedom, religion and laws,
We boast of our statesmen with cheering applause;
But ah! what delusion—our boasting is vain,
The blood of oppression our liberties stain.

Oh! shall we, bold freemen, bow down to the shrine
Of dire oppression, of body and mind,
And yield to the tyrant in terror and fear
While millions are pleading for liberty here?

No, no, we respond, we'll stand to our post
Until we have conquered the foe—mighty host,
Then away with your Taylor, your Butler and Cass,
We cannot, we will not support such a mass.

No. 31. MARTIN VAN HE IS THE MAN.

AIR—*Dandy Jim.*

Ye Taylorites and Cass men know,
That up Salt River you must go—
For you can't stand 'gainst Freedom's man,
The peaceful statesman, Martin Van;
CHORUS—Then clear the track for Martin Van,
For Freedom's host he is the man;
And to the White House straight must go,
The nominee of Buffalo.

Old *Zach*, we know, can *swear* and *fight*,
To reign in *war* is his delight;
But we want no man o'er us to rule,
In war so *wise*, in peace a *fool;*
Then clear the track, &c.

The nomination is no go,
Of Southern Whigs, and Northern dough—
And Slaveocrats we think will find,
Free men no more will "go it blind;"
Then clear the track, &c.

No more shall *party* be our god,
When o'er our head is slavery's rod;
But we'll *all* for non-extension go,
And the nominee of Buffalo;
Then clear the track, &c.

Our *platform* is a glorious one
As e'er was formed beneath the sun—
And freedom's ball is rolling fast,
For Matty says he'll quit it last;
Then clear the track for Martin Van,
For Freedom's host he is the man—
And to the White House straight must go,
The nominee of Buffalo.

No. 32. THE FREEMAN'S SONG.

AIR—*Away the bowl.*

Come all who claim the freeman's name,
Come join in earnest song:
In freedom's praise your voices raise,
And loud the strain prolong.
Ring out the shout, the land throughout,
No room be here for craven doubt,
In trust arouse, with truthful vows,
Arouse, arouse, arouse.

From British yoke and galling chain
Our fathers loosed the land—
But other yokes and bonds remain,
Their sons with shame to brand.

For chains and bars and whips and scars
Now mingle with Columbia's stars,
To change for shame her banner's fame,
For shame, for shame, for shame.

Sons of the free! shall these things be
  Where th' eagle's scream is heard?
Beneath a sky where gleams the eye
  Of freedom's mountain bird?
Shall former emblems only be,
The epitaphs of Liberty?
Then thunder no! let th' outcry go,
Oh no! oh no! oh no!

While justice, honor, mercy, love,
  Are aught but empty sounds,
We'll strive foul slavery's curse to drive
  Beyond our nation's bounds.
For right we'll fight, with all our might,
While truth sheds down her full clear light,
"Let all be free," the cry shall be,
Be free, be free, be free.

On this fair land let freedom stand,
  And wide her banner wave,
Nor ever be our blood-bought soil,
  Her hapless, hopeless grave.
While beams the star that shews the North,
While bondmen dream of freedom's worth,
They'll flee away, at rest to stay,
Away, away, away.

O God of love! look from above
  In mercy on the slave,
Let blessed peace bring his release,
  Let truth be strong to save.
When comes the day, as come it must,
That chains shall crumble into dust,
We'll all hurra, both near and far,
Hurra, hurra, hurra.

No. 33. FREE SOIL PARTY.

AIR—*Morning Light is Breaking.*

Our emblem is the cedar,
That knoweth not decay,
Its growth shall bless the mountains,
'Till mountains pass away.
Its top shall greet the sunshine,
Its leaves shall drink the rain,
And on its lower branches
The slave shall hang his chain.

God bless the Free Soil party,
The party of the free,
And give it faith and courage,
To strike for Liberty.
This party—we will name it
THE PARTY OF THE WHOLE—
Hath for its firm foundation,
The substance of the soul.

It groweth out of reason
The strongest soil on earth.
How glorious is the promise
Of Him who gave it birth!
Of what is *true and living*,
God makes himself the nurse,
While "ONWARD" cry the voices
Of all this universe.

Platform of the Free Soil Party.

IN REGARD TO SLAVERY

Its Principles are—

No Slave Territory.

No more Slave States.

The Slave States responsible for their Slavery.

Freedom and Free Institutions for Oregon, New Mexico, and California.

Congress has no more power to make a Slave than to make a King—to institute or establish Slavery than to institute or establish a Monarchy.

The United States Constitution, ordained to establish justice, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty, denies to the Federal Government all power to deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due legal process.

Its Measures are—

The rescue of the Federal Government from the control of the Slave Power, and its restoration to its early policy of limiting, localizing, and discouraging Slavery.

The enactment of the Wilmot Proviso.

The abolition of Slavery by the Federal Government to the extent of its responsibility and Constitutional power.

GENERAL SUBJECTS.

Cheap Postage—No sinecure offices—An economical Government—Election by the People of all Federal officers, as far as practicable.

River and Harbor Improvements.

Freedom of the Public Lands, in limited quantities, to actual settlers.

A Tariff for the necessary expenses of the Government, and the speedy payment of the National Debt.

The election of Martin Van Buren and Charles F. Adams to the offices of President and Vice President of the United States.

Free Soil, Free Speech, Free Labor, and Free Men.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 011 897 602 2